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WHOLE NO. 401.

THE SEDUCER AND HIS VICTIM.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Poor child, poor child!
We set in dreadful silence with our sin,
Looking each other wildly in the eyes:
Methought I heard the gates of heaven close,
She flung herself against me; burst in tears,
As a wave bursts in spray. She covered me
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud
With dim dishevelled tresses hides the hill;
On which the heart is breaking. She clung to me
With pious arms, and shook me with her sob,
For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
And now, had naught but me and her great
wrong.

She did not kill me with a single word,
But once she lifted her tear-dimmed face—
Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt
Into his burning throat, from that pale look.
Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend:
It drives me out to the black moors at night,
Where I am smitten by the hissing rain,
And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops
Hosts of shrieking, then with a sudden turn
Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God!
It comes—that face again, that white, white face,
Set in a night of hair; reproachful eyes
That make me mad. Oh, save me from those
eyes.

They will torment me even in the grave,
And torture me in Tophet.

THE FEMALE BANDIT.

BY LIEUT. MURRAY.

It is often there reigned a beautiful
young queen, in Portugal, who was no
less romantic than lovely. At an early
age called to discharge responsible duties
of the throne, she brought to the chair of
state strength of mind and power of
judgment that placed her counselors often
at fault, and carried her triumphantly
through many trying scenes and emergen-
cies. As pure in character as she was
beautiful in person, she was possessed of
the most unwavering courage and strong
in conscious purity of purpose. She ven-
tured where others might well have hesi-
tated before they advanced. In short
Maritana was a queen in every sense of
the word.

At the time to which we refer, Portugal
as well as Spain, was overrun by preda-
tory bands of robbers and banditti, against
whom the efforts of the government
proved utterly powerless. These bands,
knowing the power of combination, and
indeed that an organized connection be-
tween themselves was their only salvation
became knit together by the bonds of
common interest, and were so imitatively
united and so well disciplined, that gov-
ernment was actually at a loss how to
proceed against them. The regular soldiers
were tired of fighting after the guerrilla
style that was necessary in such warfare,
threatened opened revolt if brought again
into the service against the banditti.

Matters were in this condition at the
time our story commences, and into one of
the mountain fastnesses of the robbers we
wish to conduct the reader, while we in-
troduce some of our principal characters.
It was the latter part of a clear Sum-
mer day. The sun was warming, with its
genial rays, a partially cleared spot on
the mountain side, near the town of May-
ence. The spot was an area of some
three or four acres, and about its grounds
were lounging, carelessly, a score or two
of brigands. Most of them bearing arms
about their persons, except the short car-
bine common to that period, and they
were stacked together in a pile before the
entrance of what appeared a rude cave,
half natural, half artificial, over the door
of which appeared a rude crucifix and a
niche enclosing a group of saints.

In the fore-ground there sat upon a
stone a young cavalier, who seemed to be
hating quite indifferently with one whose
dress betokened him chief of those rude
mountainers. A glance showed that
he was a prisoner; there just before him
lay his open valise, the contents quite gone
and different members of the troop were
regaling themselves with segars of quite
too fine a brand to have into their posses-
sion by any ordinary course of events.—
Though the cavalier was prisoner, yet he
seemed to accommodate himself to cir-
cumstances, and very philosophically made
the best of his situation. He was a fine,
manly looking fellow and bore the unmis-
takeable signs of a gentleman.

How long do you propose to detain
me? asked the cavalier of the captor.
Until our leader the fair Inizila, shall
arrive.
A woman! does a woman lead you?
Yes.
That is strange!
Not at all.
Does she lead you in your predatory
excursions?
No, but govern us. Her wish is
law.

And how many do you number?
This immediate band numbers but half
a hundred, but all the mountaineers of
Portugal are leagued together, and she is
mistress of the league.

This is strange! I shall look not with
a little interest for her arrival. No less on
account of herself than my own pros-
pects of release.

No doubt she will release you. She
always does that, but leaves the plunder
to us.

Singular! Who is this mistress of the
banditti?

None know, save that she has gained
the control of us all.

As the dusk of the evening began to
shroud the sky, there came into the open
area a couple of horses and riders. They

proved to be a lady and a male attendant.
The contrast between the two marked.—
The woman was young, polite, and beau-
tiful; her attendant, a man of some forty
years was of extraordinary strength, and
stern, fearless bearing and even beside
those of the band where he dismounted,
he looked as though he might have mas-
tered a score of them single-handed.

All rose as the lady dismounted, and
shouted—
Our mistress Inizila! long life to our
loved mistress!

Waving a kindly response to them she
approached the leader, and taking him
one side learned the particulars of the
capture of the prisoner. Then turning to
him she told him in the sweetest voice he
ever listened to that he should soon be
placed at liberty again, but that it would
be necessary for him to remain a prisoner
until the morrow when he should depart
once more on his way.

Don Heranzo was a noble Spanish cav-
alier who had travelled and seen much of
the world, and yet he gazed upon the
beautiful woman before him as though he
had never seen one so lovely.

Do you not fear to be among such peo-
ple as these? he asked of her.

Fear?

Yes, lady.

I fear nothing, sir, she said, touching
significantly the jeweled hilt of her stilet-
to. And then these people are my friends—
they would risk life and limb to serve me.

But, lady, your beauty extraordi-
nary—

Nay, nay, sir, you are complimenta-
ry.

Only honest: I assure you, for till this
hour I never beheld one—

Tut, tut, that will do for the present,
interrupted the lady holding up her riding
whip, half vexed, half pleased at his
words.

Presently a rude supper was prepared
and while Inizila's seat was placed by it-
self, and her repast arranged alone; the
rest of the band threw themselves upon
the green sward and partook of their sup-
per. Inviting him to join her, the mis-
tress of the robbers talked pleasantly and
most agreeably to Don Heranzo until as-
tonished at her intelligence no less than
her beauty, he felt the moments gliding
with lightning speed.

In vain were his entreaties to induce
her to abandon the mode of life she fol-
lowed. He told her he was but a humble
Spanish cavalier, but if she would swear
upon the cross to leave the wild associates
about her, and be his faithful wife, he
would bind himself to her on the spot.

How dare you propose to one whom
you do not know? she asked.

I know that no deceit could lurk be-
neath those eyes, he replied; that no guile
could be harbored in that bosom, or cruel-
ty find a resting-place in your heart.

You have known me but three hours.

True.

And would bind yourself to one for
life, when you find me engaged with such
associates.

Yes.

It is strange, she replied, musing to
herself thoughtfully.

But there is a price set upon my head.

I care not, I will protect you, and in
some other land lead you into that class of
society you were born to ornament.

A gratified smile overspread her fea-
tures, but still she replied:

This cannot be, or at least we must
talk no more of it now—to-morrow, per-
haps, we shall meet again. Whither do
you travel?

To Lisbon.

Is well. Now sir good night.

One token of remembrance, asked
Don Heranzo.

I have nothing unless it be this call,
she replied, unscrewing a silver whistle
from her riding whip and handing it to him.

The cavalier took the token with thanks
and did not fail to kiss the little hand that
presented it.

On the morrow he awoke, his horses
stood at the entrance of the cave, ready
for his departure. His valise was there,
too, with the contents returned, all save
the segars that had been consumed.

How is it, that I find my property re-
stored? he asked of the chief.

Our mistress ordered it.

Indeed!

Yes, it is often her way.

Can I see her?

She departed last night.

Where has she gone?

I know not. Her movements are all
secret, sudden, and untraceable as those
of the wind.

Well, adieu, captain, and thanks for my
nights lodging.

Saying which, the cavalier mounted
his horse and was soon wending his way
down the mountain pass towards Lis-
bon.

Don Heranzo, after passing a few days
in the capital, he found himself quite
miserable. He could think of nothing
but the beautiful female robber, in the
mountain pass. He was dull, stupid; and
those to whom he had brought letters in
Lisbon set him down as either crazy or
half-witted and felt relieved that he sought
their society no more than he did. At
last he resolved to seek the robber's retreat
in the mountains, and strive again to see
one who had so completely bewitched him.

With this purpose he once more sought
out the path, and finally reached the cave
—but the robbers were gone. They rare-
ly occupied one spot any great length of
time and had been gone from this for days.
Disappointed and unhappy the cavalier
turned his steps towards the capital.

He had proceeded but a short half
league on his way, when there dashed
across the road by a path, the figure of a
horse-woman followed by a male attend-
ant. The cavalier was a moment in dis-
covering that the lady was the whom he
sought, and dashing the spurs into his
horse's sides, he soon overtook her.

Ah, Don Heranzo, she said gaily,—
what brings you again into the moun-
tains?

Lady, shall I tell you truly?

Indeed, yes.

Your own bright self then—naught—
And where did you expect to see me?

At the cave where I first met you.

I am seldom long in one place, she re-
plied.

But I have found you now, and am
doubly repaid for my trouble.

The lady who had drawn up her horse
and was walking slowly by the side of
Don Heranzo, looked thoughtful for a few
moments and then said:

I am deeply engaged just at this time,
Don Heranzo, and must beg you to leave
me—another time and I will—

But, lady, I find myself already mis-
erable unless with you. Pray do not let
me again lose sight of one who—

Yes. I know very well what you
would say, but it is impossible for me to
be longer with you, so you must turn your
horse the other way, and I promise you
at another time that I will meet you on
more agreeable terms.

Lady, I know not the reason why, but
I feel instantly the inclination to obey
your wishes though so adverse to my own.

I can leave you, but will not say where
I shall meet you? This doubt, this not
knowing where to address you, where to
find you in any emergency, is too painful
for me to bear.

I will find the means for our meeting;
enough; farewell.

Lady, I obey, however unpleasant it
be for me, replied the cavalier, turning
his horse's head in the opposite direction.

Stay, Don Heranzo, I like your promp-
titude. As she said this, she ungloved her
right hand and held it towards him. The
cavalier dismounted quickly, pressed it
tenderly to his lips, mounted once more;
waved his cap in farewell, and dashed off
towards Lisbon.

The next morning there paraded in the
streets of the capital a large placard on
which it was detailed that certain large
robberies had taken place, and one in par-
ticular which was named; and that it was
believed that a woman was at the head of
the robbers; indeed that affairs had as-
sumed so peculiar a condition that any in-
formation which could be rendered to the
government concerning the late operation
of the banditti, or a description ever so trif-
ling given concerning the woman who
seemed to act as the chief of the robbers,
was of the utmost importance and value,
and a princely sum was offered for any
such information.

When Don Heranzo read this, he knew
full well to whom it referred. But though
the sum offered for a description of her
whom only yesterday he had seen and
conversed with would have filled his purse
with plenty yet he only trembled for fear
some one would be able to give such in-
formation as would lead to her detection
and arrest.

Scarcely had he dined, before he was
arrested by a file of government soldiers
and thrown into prison, where the head
of the police called upon him and declared
that he was a suspected person. In vain
did he offer to produce his letters of in-
troduction to show who he was. Nothing
seemed to satisfy the officials.

Finally, after a couple of days passed
here, it was made known to him that the
government had certain proof of his hav-
ing been in the robber's quarter voluntar-
ily, and also of his having more than once
met the leader of the banditti, who was a
woman. When thus charged with these
facts, he was too chivalrous in his dispo-
sition to deny them, and frankly acknowl-
edged them to be true. This seems to
implicate him deeply, and his own evi-
dence condemned him. His motives in
this voluntarily seeking out the robbers
abode were demanded; but without be-
traying his love he could not divulge this,
and therefore refused to speak.

In vain were all the threats by the offi-
cers and the threatened sentence of death
by the queen if he did not speak out. At
last finding their efforts in vain, free par-
don was offered him provided he would
write out a fair description of the personal
appearance of the woman who led the
banditti, that she might be brought to
justice. Though he suffered from the
damp prison, the miserable fare and the
prospect of even death itself, the young
cavalier stoutly refused, and at last told
the government official that he might save
himself further trouble, for no earthly
force could make him divulge aught of the
woman to whom they referred.

Still another day elapsed, and he was
called before the queen and her council
doubtless to receive his sentence of death.

It was a proud and stately presence that
he was ushered into; and after some un-

important preliminaries and business ar-
rangements, her majesty's privy council
informed Don Heranzo that the league of
the banditti had been completely broken
up; that they had received a free pardon
at the hands of her majesty and had been
enrolled into the service of the government;
that there no longer existed any organized
opposition to the government; but still it
was a secret what mind had controlled
the robbers and who it was that had ac-
ted as their mistress, a person as little
known to the robbers themselves—as she
was to the councilor himself, that it was
very important for the government to
know and ferret out this woman, not to
harm her, but that she too might enjoy
the general pardon, and be induced to ex-
ert her powers in some more virtuous and
worthy channel. The privy council no
longer solicited any anxiety as regarded
her safety that he might speak and be
himself free.

If she desired to be known, replied
Don Heranzo, she would have sought the
general pardon graciously granted by the
queen.

Perhaps she does not understand its
import.

I cannot speak for her, replied the
cavalier, but she trusted me, and no
power shall make me open my lips about
her. Though truth to say my lord, I can
give you no reliable information about
her.

A wave of the queen's hand cleared
the room of all save the privy council-
lor.

My lord, she said, you may also re-
tire. We would be alone with the pris-
oner.

Scarcely had the door closed behind
the councilor when her majesty rose, and
throwing back the veil from her face, turned
him.

By the hope of grace, but this is no
other than the female bandit!

Hush Don Heranzo!

I am all amazement!

I wonder not. You and one faithful
follower are the only two beings who
Inizila and Martina the queen to be the
same. Your steadfastness, your honor
and faithfulness have made me your friend.
It has been more than my councilor who
has urged you thus. I would prove
one who has pleased me so well at first.
Henceforth, Don Heranzo, you are my
friend.

Your majesty overwhelms me with
honor, he replied. But what possible
object could you have in the seeming life
you led?

All efforts to break up the robbers had
failed. I resolved to learn their secrets;
to be their true friend and finally recon-
cile them to the law. This I have suc-
ceeded in doing, though my secret must
remain sacred. To you I need hardly
say this. I have found you actuated by
true honor.

But why do you look so sad Don Her-
anzo? asked the queen.

Your majesty I am sad that find you
so far above me, now that I can never
hope. As a wandering mountaineer, I
loved you, would have wedded you; but as
Queen of Portugal your majesty sees at
once what change comes over the spirit of
my dream.

Don Heranzo, said her majesty,—I
have taken care in the short interme of
our acquaintance to learn who you are.—
I have tried your personal good qualities.—
I need say no more. As she spoke, her
hand, the same he had kissed in the moun-
tains, was extended toward him and
pressed to his lips.

Don Heranzo was nearly a year pass-
ing through the various grades of honor
near the throne until he filled the post of
privy councilor, sanctioned a union be-
tween the young cavalier, who was a
prisoner in the mountain pass, and the la-
dy who ransomed his property from the
banditti.

THE ADVANTAGE.—Two gentlemen, Mr.
D. and Mr. L., stood candidates for a seat
in the Legislature of New York. They
were violently opposed to each other. By
some artifice Mr. D. gained the election.
When he was returning home much elated
with success, he met a gentleman and ac-
quaintance of his—

Well, says D., I have got the elec-
tion—L. was on match for me—I'll tell
you how I flung him—if there happened
any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with
them, and there I had the advantage of him.
If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk
French with them, and there I had the ad-
vantage of him. But as to L., he was a
clever, honest, sensible little fellow.

Yes sir, replied the gentleman, and
there he had the advantage.

A butcher's boy, carrying a tray on his
shoulder, accidentally struck it against a
lady's head.

The deuce take the tray, exclaimed the
lady.

Madam, said the lad gravely, the
deuce cannot take the tray.

Come, sonny, get up, said an indulgent
father to a hopeful son, the other morning.
Remember that the early bird catches the
first worm.

A tree was blown down lately by a
strong newspaper puff. The roof of the
printing office suffered much damage, al-
so, at the same time.

Flattery direct seldom disgusts.

A Thrilling Scene.

BY CHARLES RAND.

The following narrative—a true one—
describes a scene that actually took place,
not many years since, in a country town
in the State of Maine:

One evening in the month of December,
1834, a number of townsmen had assem-
bled in a store of a Mr. Thomas Putnam,
to talk over "matters and things"—smoke
—drink—and, in short, to do anything to
"kill time."

Three hours had passed away. They
had laughed, and talked, and drank, and
chatted, and had a good time generally,
so that about the usual hours of shutting
up shop, each of the party felt particu-
larly first rate.

"Come," said Charles Hatch—one of
the company—"let's all liquor, and then
have a game of high, low, jack!"

"So I say," exclaimed another, "who's
got the cards?"

"Fetch on you keeds," drawled out a
third, his eyes half closed through the ef-
fects of the liquor he had drunk.

After drinking all round, an old pine
table was drawn up before the fire-place,
where burned brightly a large fire of hem-
lock logs, which would snap and crackle—
throwing large live coals out upon the
hearth.

All drew round the table, seating them-
selves on whatever came handiest. Four
of them had rolled up to the table some
kegs, which, from their weight, were sup-
posed to contain nails.

"Now," said Hatch, "how shall we
play—every one for himself?"

"No—have partners," growled one
man.

"I say every one for himself," exclaim-
ed another.

"No, hanged if I'll play so," shouted
the former, bringing his fist down upon
the table, knocking one candle out of the
stick, and another upon the floor.

"Come, come," said Hatch, "no quar-
reling—all who say for partners, stand
up."

Three arose.

"Now, all who say each one for himself
stand up."

The remaining four immediately got up.

"You see, Barclay," said Hatch, "the
majority are against you. Come, will
you play?"

"Well, as I don't want to be on the op-
posite side, I'll play," answered Barclay,
some what cooled down.

Mr. Putnam, who was not in the store
that evening, and the clerks who were busy
behind the counter, had taken very little
notice of the proceedings. About half
past ten, Mr. Putnam thought he would
step over to his store and see that every-
thing was safe. As he went in he walked
up towards the fire.

When within a few steps of where the
men were sitting, he started back in hor-
ror.

Before him sat seven men half crazy
with drink and the excitement of playing
at cards. There they were, within a few
feet of the fire just described—and four of
them seated on kegs of powder!

Barclay—who was a very heavy man
—had pressed in the head of the keg on
which he sat, bursting the top hoop and
pressing the powder out through the
chinks. By the continued motion of their
feet the powder had become spread about
the floor, and now covered a space of two
feet all round them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was to-
wards the door, but recovering himself, he
walked up towards the fire. Should either
of them attempt to rise—he thought, and
scatter a few grains a little further into
the fire-place where lay a quantity of live
coals.

At this moment Hatch looked up, and
seeing Mr. Putnam, with his face deadly
pale, gazing into the fire, exclaimed—

"Why, Putnam, what ails you?" and
at the same time made a motion to rise.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not
rise!" said Mr. Putnam. "Four of you
sit on kegs of powder! It is scattered all
around you—one movement might send
you all to eternity! There are two buck-
ets of water behind the bar. But, keep
your seat for one minute and you are saved
—move and you are dead men!"

In an instant every man was perfectly
sobered, not a limb moved—each seemed
paralyzed.

In less time than we have taken to de-
scribe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had
poured the water and completely saturat-
ed the powder on the floor, and extinguish-
ed the fire, so that an explosion was im-
possible. Then, and not till then, was
there a word spoken.

"What on 'arth ails these ere shirt-
busts, I wonder? Jest the minit I puts the
needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they
splits and flies all to bits."

"Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons,
they's my peppermints, an' now you've
been spilin' 'em."

A man going to town with a load of
pork, was met by a young girl, who gen-
teelly made him a very low courtesy. He
exclaimed, "what! do you make a courtesy
to dead hogs?" "No sir," answered she,
"to the live one."

A man once went to an eccentric lawyer,
to be qualified for some petty office. Said
the lawyer—"Hold up hand, I'll swear
you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

A Genuine Fight.

The Cincinnati Commercial of the 19th,
gives the particulars of a "free fight"
which occurred at a respectable boarding
house in Covington:

A southerner, named Robbon, who
has "plenty of money and nothing to do,"
was a boarder at the house, and among
his failings he would occasionally drink
too much good brandy, and on such occa-
sions, was ripe for any kind of warlike op-
erations. A few evenings since he arrived
at his boarding house in what is politely
called a "state of inebriation." He had
a servant, a small negro boy, with whom
for some trivial cause, he became angry
and attempted to chastise him, but with
the assistance of the landlady, the boy got
out of his way and hid in the kitchen, un-
der the table; Robbon pursued and com-
menced a search, and chancing to stumble
over the stove, fancied it was his boy,
knocked it over, and beat it furiously with
a chair. Finding his mistake, he became
infuriated, and returning to the landlady,
struck her with his hand.

A young man named Taylor, who does
business in Cincinnati, witnessed the blow
and immediately attacked Robbon, but the
latter was armed with a cane, and knocked
him down. Taylor rallied and returned to
the charge, and was again felled.—
The blows were by no means comfortable,
and he drew a knife with the idea of sud-
denly putting a period to his antagonist's
demonstrations. But a better idea struck
him, and he did not use the knife, but held
it with his left hand, while he fought with
his right. Presently he brought Robbon
down, and a long struggle ensued on the
floor. Finally Robbon got up, and as the
room was by this time filling with people,
he ran out and to the first turn of the
stairs, taking with him a solid and heavy
chair. Planting himself on the stairs he
swore that there was not men enough in
Kentucky to take him. The crowd in-
creased rapidly, and the excitement was
at a high pitch. At length it was resolv-
ed that the rascal should be taken dead or
alive, and a number of brave men started
up stairs to make him a prisoner. He
stood on his defense like a Spartan, and as
the storming party could come at him but
two abreast, he knocked them down as
fast as they came within reach, until near
a dozen had fallen badly bruised, when the
assault ceased.

Several times was this scene enacted.—
Robbon fought with the fury of a tiger,
and so battered the men who rushed upon
him that they became dismayed, and a
temporary panic possessed them. But it
would not do for one man to defy a hun-
dred, and they renewed the attack with
the utmost desperation. Stones were
thrown in volleys at the desperado, who
was fighting with a gallantry worthy of a
better cause, yet all was in vain; he with-
stood the storm dauntlessly, beating back
the crowd with a chair.